

"GOD
LOVES
A
CHEERFUL
GIVER"

RESTORATION

"GIVE
AND IT
SHALL BE
GIVEN
TO YOU"

VOL. IX.

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—APRIL, 1956

No. 4.

Yukon Ice and Snows Give Mary Daily Rose

By Kathleen O'Herin

Whitehorse, Yukon — Would you like to spend a day at Maryhouse, with the Staff Workers and their guests? Just an ordinary day? Come early then, and stay late.

When you enter the brown shingled mission — you are greeted by a smile from Mamie, director of Maryhouse. You may glance at the framed motto on the wall, "LET ALL GUESTS BE RECEIVED AS CHRIST."

The Day Begins

6:00 a.m.—Louie, our male staff worker, is entering the door. He lives across the street, in that little gray shack. He is on his way to the basement, and that noise you hear is the thud of the four-foot logs that he thrusts into the furnace. He makes the kitchen fire and wakes the men in the hostel. The dining room table was set the night before. Mamie puts on the finishing touches, adding butter, milk, and bread. She makes the porridge, fills the kettles for tea, and attends to the last minute details.

6:45 a.m.—Father Triggs arrives in sheepskin parka, cassock, and fur cap. He is to say Mass in our chapel. I arranged the vestments and the altar the night before, so there is only the cruets of wine and water to be filled. There is a fifteen minute meditation before Mass, and Father may hear confessions in the little sacristy. Doug, our air force friend, tiptoes to a seat and Annette, our friend and neighbor, quietly takes her place with us. A couple of men from the hostel sleepily find their way to the chapel. An Indian mother and baby emerge from the women's hostel at the far end of the chapel and all is quiet.

Breakfast and Prime

7:00 a.m.—Louie serves, and we all join in the Missa Recitata. We are one family united in the Mass under the mantle of Our Lady of the Yukon. After Mass there is a ten-minute thanksgiving. Mamie has quickly prepared breakfast, and the men have been served in the hostel. Father joins us with our guests, and an air of joviality prevails. We recite the Angelus after breakfast in unison, Father imparts his blessing, then departs.

8:30 a.m.—Prime in the chapel, then the day's work starts. The women help with the dishes, sweep the floor. Later on they may use up their spare time piecing together squares for a quilt. Many are needed for our hostels.

The main quarters, the sanctuary, and the library are swept and dusted. Louie replenishes the wood box, fills the can with drinking water, empties buckets of waste water and ashes.

Mamie is preparing the dinner, later it will be put into the oven to be baked. Kay is taking the frozen laundry off the lines. Louie and Leonard (a ten year old Indian boy, recuperating from a broken leg) are having a catechism lesson. We hear, "What did

God make the trees from?" Leonard replies, "Wood."

The phone rings — It is Father Monnet at the rectory. "Will Mamie meet the 11:30 a.m. plane tomorrow? Two boys from Fairbanks, Alaska, are on their way to Skagway. They will spend the night at Maryhouse."

Talk About Squirrels

A knock at the door. Two Indian ladies, Dolly and Mary, are welcomed. They sit quietly in the dining room. Conversation goes like this:

"How is the trapping, Mary?" "Not good. A fox stole my line of squirrels."

"Too bad. How much do you get for squirrels?"

"Forty cents. I had fifty on that line. The fox cleaned it right out. If I'd get a ride to Johnson's Crossing — I got a cabin out there."

"Mary, what would you do with the money?" "Buy grub for my grandchildren."

Mamie comes from the clothing room with shoes for the grandchildren, a warm jacket, underwear, and shoes for Dolly. She also fills their pockets with candy for the children, then adds several good magazines that Mary would enjoy. Dolly packs the box. Then with smiles they are on their way.

The Phone Rings

Another knock. "Hello Juanita. Have you and Ralph read those books already?"

"Not all of them. The radio said it's going to be fifty-five below zero tomorrow and we can't go out. We can read them."

The phone rings. Listen—

"Can I get a man from your hostel to split wood and pile it?"

"Is there a Maryhouse on Saturday?" (Maryhouse is a child's interpretation for "Storyhour").

"What picture are you showing on Thursday? Is it about Ireland?"

The Indian nurse calls. "Can you take a woman, a year old child, a two year old child, and a four year old child? I'll deliver them this afternoon. They are being discharged from the hospital. They may be with you several days or weeks. Flying weather is still uncertain."

12:00 Dinner—Moosemeat stew. Canned corn. A steamed pudding of left-over cookies, cake, and bread — with a tasty sauce added. Home-made bread. Tea. Louie remarks, "We had a blessing on this grub twice already." But Mamie informs us that the tomato sauce and cheese have been added since the last blessing.

A knock on the door. "Come in Bill. Won't you join us? Well, anyway, you will take a cup of tea." Another knock. A man enters with a large carton.

For Our Lady

"Can you use this stale bread, and some margarine that went a little soft? It's good, but not saleable."

Mamie replies, "God bless you!" After dinner the Angelus is recited. The table is cleared. "What's this!" A five dollar bill lies on the table in front of Our Lady's statue. Last week the same thing happened when Bill came for tea. His silent gift to Maryhouse at Our Lady's Feet. Dishes are washed. The rooms are put in order.

1:00 p.m. - 1:30 p.m.—Spiritual reading and meditation in the chapel.

1:30 p.m. - 4:00 p.m. — Mamie and Louie make personal calls on the Indian families and friends near Maryhouse. Louie visits at Whiskey Flats and Moccasin Flats. Kay catalogues books for the library, receives guests, and takes care of incidentals as they present themselves.

(Continued on Page Four)



PEACE
BE TO YOU
ALLELUIA

"May the greeting that, once risen, Thou, Lord Jesus, didst address to Thy disciples, find its echo in the hearts of all men: PEACE - BE - TO - YOU."

Pope Pius XII
Easter allocution, 1952

THE B'S CORNER

April is with us again. A gay, giddy, and joyous month that cannot make up its mind whether it belongs to summer or winter, at least not in our northern parts. One of its days wears July's mask — and another January's. Yet on the whole it cannot deny that it is Spring.

To me April brings a strange heaviness, a pain I cannot shed, a sorrow that walks with me through day and night. For I hear the muted voices of the poor in our land. I hear them like a thin wailing refrain in a symphony of busy machines, in talks of prosperity and of new fields of endeavor opening up everywhere. And I suspect that few besides myself have ears attuned to their moaning voices.

Beg For Words

Because I hear, I must speak, must once again find words to make others listen. I must beg again and again. For April and September are our BEGGING MONTHS. How does one find words to beg after more than twenty-five Aprils and Septembers of begging? I know of no other way than to turn my face and my heart to the Word of God, Who became Man and died for love of us, Whose Resurrection from the dead we have just celebrated. I turn to Him and beg for words... for I, the beggar of beggars, am by now bereft even of words of my own.

And as I pray to Christ, the Poor Man, a thought comes to me that perhaps I should tell you more about where your gifts of silver and gold go, so that, knowing, you may once more open your heart and your purse to help Christ in His poor.

Take yesterday. Two letters came to my desk. Two simple little letters. From a girl. From a boy. From the U.S.A. and from Canada. Each writer expressed the desire to come and stay awhile with us, in hopes that the Lay Apostolate of Madonna House Institute might prove the God-sent vocation for life.

The March For Christ

As I read these letters I saw youth on the march for Christ. For what type of life is it they want to embrace? One of poverty, chastity and obedience! Our Constitutions have been placed in the hands of our good Ordinary, to be sent by him to Rome for approbation as a Secular Institute. That means that, though remaining lay people, we shall spend our lives under vows, and IN THE MARKET PLACES OF THE WORLD.

It means more. It means that these two young ones will train for five long years to become ready for the grueling apostolate that will be theirs. They may go to Nigeria, where the heat of the day will be but one item of hardship.

They may go to the far North where cold will be another. They will leave home and friends behind when they enter our Apostolate. The yardstick of their lives will be the yardstick of the poor they serve. Even now we spend but ten cents per meal on each of them. We cannot cut down any more. They will wear second-hand clothing — the same we give out to the poor. They may take a job, if that leads to the salvation of souls, but the money they thus earn will go to the common treasury of the apostolate.

Work and Prayer

Their day will be one of prayer and work. Deep prayer and much work. I read the two letters with tears of gratitude in my heart. The vocation is hard. Yet youth flock to it. So much so that there is literally NO ROOM for all those who desire to embrace it. And on my desk are many letters from all parts of the world — from priests and Bishops — asking for foundations!

IT SEEMS TO ME, AT TIMES, THAT I AM STRETCHED OUT ON A STRANGE AND FEAR-SOME CROSS. ON ONE SIDE VOCATIONS SENT BY THE LORD, ARE POURING IN. ON THE OTHER, THE CHURCH, OUR MOTHER, THROUGH HER BISHOPS, IS ASKING FOR FOUNDATIONS. AND I, PENNILESS AND WOEFULLY OVERDRAWN IN OUR BANK, HAVE NO ROOM FOR YOUTH WILLING TO GIVE ITS LIFE... AND HENCE MUST REFUSE THE CRYING NEED OF MANY DIOCESES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD!

Do you see, dearly Beloved Friend in Christ, why I MUST CONTINUE TO BE A SORT OF VOICE CRYING IN THE WILDERNESS... BEGGING YOU TO HELP TO STRAIGHTEN THE PATHS OF THE LORD?

Incredible as it seems in this year of grace 1956, I must beg not only for the poor of Christ—which I do always — but also for the money that will enable us to send into their midst people willing to WITNESS TO CHRIST BY THEIR OWN PRESENCE, AND FOR LIFE... through the social apostolate of the Church officially mandated by the Hierarchy.

A Drop In A Sea

We are forty at Madonna House. Some thirty odd are now training to go forth. A little drop in the sea of needs!

Communists are sending armies of youth throughout the world. We have an army of love and peace ready to meet the army of hate. But it must be trained. It must be made ready to live and die for God and neighbor.

It breaks my heart that because of dollars and cents this cannot be done. Secular Institutes are the children of Our Beloved Pontiff's heart and mind. In season and out, he urges youth to consider their vocation of utter dedication of self, IN THE WORLD — THOUGH NOT OF IT.

We have youths answering that call. We have bishops begging for those youths. We lack only DOLLARS AND CENTS TO BRING THE TWO TOGETHER.

I could, perhaps, if I tried, tell you harrowing tales of poverty and sorrow. But this year, somehow, I want only to ask your financial help TO SET THE WORLD ON FIRE FOR CHRIST!

PLEASE, IN THE NAME OF CHRIST, HELP US TO BRING HIS FIRE ON EARTH... AND WITH IT RENEW THE FACE OF THE EARTH! PLEASE MAKE ALL CHEQUES PAYABLE TO "MADONNA HOUSE" AND SEND ALL MAIL TO "MADONNA HOUSE, COMBERMERE, ONT., CANADA."

PAX IXTI

Faith, Hope, and Love At Work in Edmonton

By Lawrence F. Kickham

Fifty years or more ago Edmonton was a convenient stopping-off place for the prospectors hurrying to the Klondike, a quiet pioneer town. After the gold rush, tremendous wealth was found—a treasure over which the argonauts had walked. The outpost zoomed toward industrial greatness with the gushing of its oil; and a new gold rush began.

The city whirled forward on a giddy road to economic heights—throwing aside the weak, the incompetent, the misfits of all kinds. These in their defeat and despair huddled in dreary groups in the shacks and taverns along 95th, 96th, and 97th streets. They slept where they could, even in doorways and alleys. They begged. They stole. They did whatever they had to do to continue living.

Source of Hope

Then, a year or so ago, Madonna House opened a shelter in this district, and named it — after the Mother of God — Marian Centre. It attracted the hopeless, the unfortunates. It became a source of hope and regeneration even to alcoholics, drug addicts, criminals, and the physically and mentally retarded men rejected by the growing city. Today it feeds hundreds of these men daily, and outfits scores of them with warm clothing and decent shoes.

The director, Dorothy Phillips, is a fragile, wispy figure with short cropped gray hair whose fine features glow with a tremendous love of humanity. The talent and energy she once expended as Personnel Director of the Blue Cross in Montreal are now employed in serving the poor, succoring the afflicted, and soothing the troubled.

Up the stairs to her little room come all manner of people with all manner of problems. She calms the jangled nerves of the neurotic, furnishes the necessary boost to an alcoholic in his tortuous struggle toward sobriety, testifies to fallen away Catholics who once knew the joy of the Church and are sick with yearning to find it again. To those suffering from the sorrows of the past or the crumbling desperation of the present, Dot Phillips offers hope for the future.

Marite Langlois, her chief assistant, is a bland mixture of benign docility and dogged thoroughness, topped off with a gamin grin. She learned the artful ways of diplomacy while employed in Washington, D.C., during the war years.

Later she served in New York as secretary to the Indian delegate to the United Nations. Returning to Montreal she worked her way through McGill University and soon after decided to devote her life to Christ in the lay apostolate.

Hope And Love

It is to Marite that Robbie goes in his terrible need. Robbie — the woeful little alcoholic with the torn coat, the battered hat, and the soulful eyes of a circus clown. The big eyes fill with tears as he pleads: "I've got to stop. I've got to stop drinking. Please pray for me." "Yes, Robbie," assures Marite, "I'll pray for you."

The men working in Marian Centre—well, they deserve a story all their own, and someday it will be written. Madonna House, incidentally, has recently furnished two new workers for this centre—and may have to send more. The need increases daily in Edmonton. And the number of Staff Worker Applicants in training at Madonna House keeps on increasing too. The only catch is that these applicants must have sufficient training before they can be sent into such a tremendous field as Edmonton. They must learn all they can about Christ before they can deal with Christ in His neglected, His unwanted, His despairing hungry poor!

Love And Faith

No story of Marian Centre would be complete without mention of the volunteers whose generous contributions of food, clothing, money and time enable the work to go on. Scores of these staunch supporters perform the most menial but necessary tasks at the centre. Housewives peel vegetables. Seminarians scrub

floors. Retired men and women wash dishes and make sandwiches all out of a simple desire to ease the lot of their fellowmen.

Representative of these who labor on the side of the angels is a widow whose crowded years rest lightly on her shoulders. Giving up the rocking chair retirement of her contemporaries, Nora Fitzgerald washes hundreds of dishes daily. A handsome woman of dignified bearing, she moves among the rough, unpolished diners, pressing an extra sandwich here, offering a word of encouragement there, with the queenly air of a dowager at a garden party.

The drama, pathos and tragedy that pour through the doors of Marian Centre daily could fill a volume. But there are also the light moments, the hilarious incidents, the colorful characters.

There is Dick, for instance, lovable old reprobate with a cockney accent who delights in telling of his old bottle-belted days. From him we learn how an alcoholic staggers through a day on skid row. We're told that a bottle of "shaky" (after-shave lotion, so called because it must be shaken from the bottle into the mouth) is an excellent eye-opener and will last until the drug stores open and a bottle of "rubby" (rubbing alcohol) can be obtained. Polish this off with a couple of bottles of wine, and the gray world of despair turns into a hazy, boozy pink.

Love And Laughter

The staff recalls one riotous day when a group of generous ladies donated some tasty tid-bits left over from a tea. These tiny bite-sized sandwiches, filled with all sorts of dainty delicacies, were set on the tables in place of the usual hunk-sized peanut butter sandwiches. The men filled in, gave a startled look, blinked, looked again.

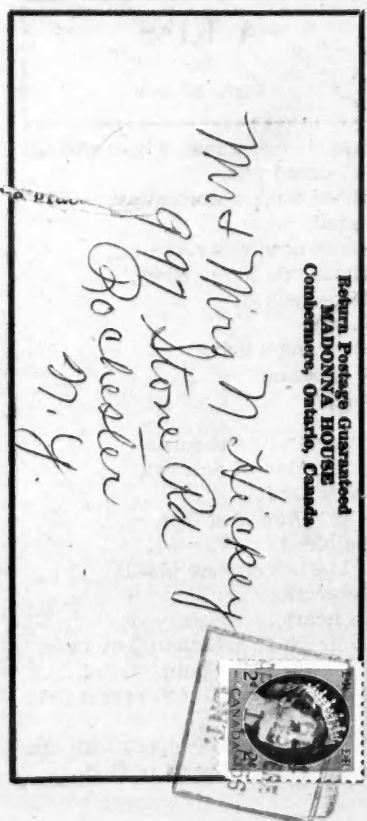
One burly guest picked up a miniature diamond-shaped sandwich. With a huge, grimy finger raised in mock elegance, he turned to his equally burly neighbor and simpered with exaggerated gentility: "Are you pouring, Horace?"

And so life goes at Marian Centre with all its laughter, tears, triumphs and disasters. A hard life? Yes, but the rewards are many. To give a jaunty step of confidence to a man on his way to a new job after months of idleness, to see a glimmer of hope in the eyes of one who is given a fighting chance to regain his dignity, to share in the joy of one who has returned to the sacraments, and above all to know in those one serves the deep, ex-cruciating loneliness of Christ and to learn His forgiveness and compassion! These are the moments when one realizes that it is all worth while.

HIS, TOO!!

By
Bud Starwas

"I don't belong to your church," Said the dying man on the sod; And the kindly priest replied, "But you do belong to my God."



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WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

Why do we beg year after year? Why do we ask endlessly for MONEY, CLOTHING, BOOKS, RELIGIOUS ARTICLES, AND A THOUSAND OTHER ODDS AND ENDS that go to make up the necessities of daily living of many families? Why have we imposed on ourselves this hard, often humiliating, always laborious, task of begging?

The answer is so stark and simple, that it is truly difficult to put into words.

WE BEG—BECAUSE WE LOVE!

Love is like that. It wants to identify itself—to become one—with the object of its love. We love Christ the Lord, and want to identify ourselves with Him, obeying to the very utmost of our ability (and even beyond it, with His grace) whatever He has commanded us to BE and DO.

And His commandments are so simple, and so direct—"LOVE GOD ABOVE ALL ELSE . . . AND YOUR NEIGHBOR AS YOURSELF."

We are trying to do just that. Simply. Humbly. Hiddenly, yet openly. In the very midst of the world and its thousand market places where men pass one another, each too wrapped-up in himself to notice the other.

The busy market place is our home on this earth. In it we try with all our hearts, minds, and souls, TO BECOME ONE WITH THE CHRIST OF THE MARKET PLACE. Become one, that is, with the whole Christ and His whole life, of which the "Market Place" was the end, the crowning glory. THERE HE TAUGHT, PREACHED, AND HEALED. THERE HE DIED IN THE MIDST OF MEN FOR LOVE OF THEM!

Remembering that He was utterly poor—"Foxes have lairs . . . birds nests . . . but the Son of Man has nowhere to lay His Head"—and that He said, "If you want to be perfect . . . sell what you possess . . . take up your cross and follow Me." We do just that. We sell what ever we possess. We take up our cross. And we follow Him into the market place; there to live and witness to Him by our very presence, and, we hope, by our works of love.

Embracing, under promises, the life of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, we spend our lives . . . LOVING GOD AND OUR NEIGHBOR.

They are INSEPARABLE, you know. "Whatsoever you do to these least . . . you do to Me."

Christ was a beggar in the literal sense (did not Judas keep the purse of offerings?) as well as in the immense sense of being a BEGGAR FOR OUR LOVE! Thus loving Him back means giving ALL OF ONESELF to Him, in whatever vocation He calls us to.

WE WANT TO GIVE OURSELVES IN OUR NEW-OLD VOCATION OF THE LAY APOSTOLATE OF THE MARKET PLACE.

WE WANT TO FEED THE HUNGRY WITH BREAD MADE OUT OF WHEAT AS WELL AS WITH THE BREAD OF ETERNAL LIFE.

WE WANT TO GIVE DRINK TO THIRSTY LIPS AS WELL AS TO THIRSTY MINDS.

WE WANT TO CLOTHE NAKED BODIES AS WELL AS NAKED AND LONELY HEARTS.

WE WANT TO VISIT THOSE IN MAN-MADE PRISONS AS WELL AS THOSE CAGED IN THE PRISONS OF SELF, AND OF MISERY.

WE WANT TO NURSE THE SICK OF MIND AND BODY AS WELL AS THOSE SICK OF SOUL.

WE WANT TO INSTRUCT THOSE LACKING IN HUMAN KNOWLEDGE AND TO BRING TO THEM THE FULLNESS OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

WE WANT TO COUNSEL THOSE LOST IN THE MAZES OF OUR COMPLEX WORLD, AND ALL THOSE WHO DOUBT CHRIST THE LORD.

To implement our burning desire TO LOVE AND SERVE we stand ready to go anywhere. No place is too distant. No place is too lonely. We know no frontiers. How can we? To us, all men are our brothers in Christ. They are our neighbors. For did not God die for all of us?

You see now why, for us, BEGGING IS A MUST, a part of our vocation to love, of our way of life. We are poor ourselves for the love of God. Living FOR HIM AND WITH HIM in His poor, what else can we do BUT be beggars for Christ's sake . . . for love's sake?

THIS IS, THEN, WHY WE BEG TODAY.

HELP US, FRIENDS, TO LOVE GOD AND NEIGHBOR, AND SHOW THE FACE OF CHRIST IN THAT LOVE THROUGH SERVICE, SIMPLY, DIRECTLY, PERSONALLY, AS OUR HOLY VOCATION CALLS US TO DO.

As we are destitute of all worldly goods ourselves, for Christ's sake, WE MUST ask others for help to feed the hungry . . . and BE AND DO all the things we have tried to explain to you.

All we have are two hands. Two hands outstretched . . . beggars' hands . . . for YOUR ALMS . . . or lifted up in prayer for all.

We have nothing else save what your flaming charity may give us — to give to others.

WILL YOU FILL OUR EMPTY HANDS . . . SO THAT WE IN TURN, AND IN YOUR NAME, MAY FILL OTHER EMPTY HANDS . . . MINDS . . . SOULS . . . AND HEARTS?

WE PRAY THAT YOU WILL. WE HOPE THAT YOU WILL. WE KNOW THAT YOU WILL. BECAUSE YOU TOO HAVE BEEN, EACH ACCORDING TO GOD'S PATTERN, CALLED TO THIS IMMENSE VOCATION—TO LOVE!

EDDIES OF 1956

By Eddie Doherty

Sometimes, in woods around Combermere, you come out of the eternal gloom and silence of the big trees; out of the tangle of undergrowth and creepers and dead wood and rotting stumps and moldy leaves; into the sunlight of a tiny glade, or clearing; into a patch of fragrant wild flowers and sweet wind-blown grasses; into the cheer and chatter of a brook or rill. Sometimes. Maybe every day.

Sometimes, in the books and magazines and newspapers you read — in Combermere or elsewhere you come out of the murk and the stagnation, out of the corruption and boredom and utter worldliness of modern literature, into the beauty of some gifted writer's poetry or prose, into the grandeur of some new idea. Sometimes. Maybe once in a long long while.

Sursum Corda

And then, whether your eyes rest on the wild flowers swaying in the wind and the sunlight, or the brooklet rushing over its pearly stones, or the paragraph or the poem you have suddenly encountered in your reading, you feel yourself in the presence of God!

I read much more than the average man. I thumb my way through more rot, more drivel, more drool. I hitch-hike through the books donated to our library, to see whether they are fit to be read. (Most of them are unfit.) I browse through periodicals and papers, looking for something new, something interesting, something funny, something cheerful and clean, something happy and bright — seldom finding anything out of the ordinary. I seem always to be reading, and always to be searching.

The other day I was rewarded for all this stuffy reading. I was doubly rewarded. I found not one sunny glade but two. I was so excited I couldn't sleep. I had to stop for a long time at each of those unexpected lovely places, in wonder and admiration — even in a sort of rapture.

A Carmelite Mag.

It was close to midnight and I was yawning when I picked up a magazine called "Spiritual Life," a Catholic quarterly published by the Discalced Carmelite Fathers in Brookline, Mass. It was the March issue, 1956. Volume 2, No. 1.

"Theology," I thought to myself as I flipped the pages. "Dull theologians! But why should the theologians be dull? Why don't they write simply, clearly, with words that even a child could understand? They have such magnificent stuff to give us. But how sloppily they dish it out! What drab, forbidding, unpalatable food they make of it. Theologians write only for other theologians. They don't care whether we understand them or not — we, the common people."

I went warily through one article — "to terminate the reflections and inaugurate the conversations as soon as the initial pious affection" — and so forth and so on. I yawned again and decided to put out the light and go to sleep.

Yet I was not sleepy. I went on through the heavy woods a little while — seemingly lost and wandering in a circle. And then I came to this:

The First Glade

"Ever since Mary became the Mother of God, a woman's vocation is clear; to bear God into the world. It is her lot to transform little men into giants. Her role is to suggest and inspire; not to act but to inspire man to act; not to rule but to empower man to rule; not to save man but to enable him to save himself. Such a woman is indeed a gift from Love. She is a genius of love. William McNamara of the Providence Journal, thinking of his wife, spills that love out in lines of incomparable beauty."

The paragraph was merely an introduction to Mr. McNamara's "Gift From Love."

But before I could even begin the article I had to read that paragraph over and over again. I was as elated, as if I had written it myself. Who wrote those words? The editor, Fr. William of the Infant Jesus? Or one of the associate editors — Fr. Christopher of the Blessed Sacrament, Fr. Matthew of St. Teresa, Fr. Edward of the Sacred Heart, or Fr. Richard of the Immaculate Conception?

Gift From Love

There was no signature. Some humble writer, with Christ and Mary singing in his heart, had just scribbled down a few thoughts by way of introduction to another writer. He had spoken of incomparable beauty — and was not at all aware of the incomparable beauty that shone through every word of his own.

Naturally I had to read "Gift From Love." Even if the house had caught fire that moment and walls were falling in charred heaps all around me I would have to lie there and read Bill McNamara's piece about his wife Kay.

The unknown editor had not led me astray. There were indeed lines of incomparable beauty in the article. Let me quote just a few. Bill won't mind — since I used to be a newspaperman myself. And the magazine won't mind either, I am sure.

The Second Glade

"Married saints are few, sure enough, but the ingredients and the graces abound in the sacrament. We do not abstain from flesh meat always, nor do we rise to pray at midnight. But budget problems often necessitate a vegetable diet, and hungry babies who cry in the night bring us out of bed to prepare and taste and administer the formula, to change the diaper and fight off sleep — and who will say that this is not a prayer to offer to God's glory? And though we do not dress in sackcloth, there are millions like Kay among us who are shivering through a fifth or a tenth winter without a proper coat. God indeed calls us to sanctify, to union with Him, whatever our vocations, and in marriage all the virtues are at some time demanded and often, happily, practiced."

I have read millions of lines in the last year; prosaic, ordinary, didactic, sordid, boring, stupid, trashy, pompous, prolix, stilted, "hifaluting," uninspired. And I think I would go through them all again, if I could, just for the thrill of coming out of them to McNamara's piece, and to the editor's prelude to it.

Beauty Has A Thrill

I was always that way — thrilled by beautiful thoughts written in beautiful lines — always seeking them and seldom finding them. When I was city editor of the New York American, under Gene Fowler, thirty years and more ago, I had the best writing staff in the country. I had one writer who got \$200 a week, and another who got \$175. I would have given Bill McNamara a lot of money too, if I could have hired him then.

I don't agree with him that married saints are few. I think there are more married saints in heaven than any other kind; though it is true that only a few have been canonized. It isn't canonization that makes the saint.

And I don't fully agree with the editor's idea that a woman's role is "not to act but to inspire man to act." Many a saintly woman has had to act as well as to inspire. If she hadn't acted the family would have starved, or wound up in prisons or asylums.

I don't have to agree with them, however. I can be content to revel in the beauty they have created for me.

Would you believe it, I didn't get to sleep until after 3 o'clock that morning! Seldom has insomnia been so filled with splendor.

A New Apostolate

A few Catholic families in Virginia have started something new and wonderful in the U.S.A. — Little Houses of Charity. These, according to one of the organizers, Mrs. Katie Rock of Falls Church, are "designed to help all those who asked our help."

"We have," she says, "set no limits to our giving except the duties of our state in life and the time and material at hand. The things we have to give are those that fill the simple needs of people, mainly outgrown clothing from our own and others' families, and, to a lesser extent, food, household furnishings, and sometimes money for medicines or fuel."

Our Lady of The Poor

"There are no rules governing the operations of the individual Little Houses. Every care, however, is made to see that the works of charity help to sanctify our family life and not interfere with it. Therefore the details of management must be adjusted to our own individual family duties. In this matter we confide in Mary, 'Our Lady of the Poor,' who is our Mother, and therefore has a mother's concern in all we do."

"We have tried to make our Little Houses of Charity community projects. The accent is on sharing with our neighbors, helping, and encouraging one another as far as we are able. We make no yearly budgets or future plans. Rather we try to offer our services to God from day to day to use in any way He sees fit. Then we depend on Him to send us both the poor and those who will provide for them."

"Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, in his Christmas Message of 1952 asked that we supplement the great work of the charitable organizations by our own personal action of charity towards the

poor. Speaking of the poor man, our Holy Father says: 'Often he counts on yourselves, at least on your words of kindness and comfort. Your charity ought to resemble God's, Who came in person to bring His help . . . These considerations encourage us to call on your personal collaboration. The poor, those whom life has reduced to straightened circumstances, the unfortunate of every kind, await it. Insofar as it depends on you, strive that no one shall say any more, as once did the man in the Gospel who had been infirm for thirty-eight years, 'Lord, I have no one.'

"The Poor Help Us"

"In our serving of God's Poor, we have discovered that they do much more for us than we can ever do for them. From them we have learned many things about our own faith. Through them we see the sufferings of Christ and His patience with souls as well as the tremendous love of His Sacred Heart. We have learned to put ourselves in the place of our troubled Poor and by suffering with them we have come to know more of Christ's loving compassion for us. Therefore we feel greatly indebted to our Poor and even more grateful to God who has rewarded our little acts of service a hundredfold."

"There are four houses at present, each with a name of its own: Dorothy O'Donnell, Marian House, 617 Popkins Lane, Alexandria.

Anne Law, Blessed Martin House, 1717 South Monroe Street, Arlington, Va.

Catherine Gould, Christopher House, 614 Chestnut Street, Falls Church, Va.

Katie Rock, Christopher House, 200 N. Oak Street, Falls Church, Va.

"Doing this work has given us the greatest happiness and peace and joy we have ever found in this world. The work is hard, often tedious, at times depressing to our human natures. It requires many sacrifices, but God's love came to us through the Supreme Sacrifice of all time, the Cross. Love and sacrifice are therefore inseparable. May God continue to shower both on our Little Houses of Charity."

COMBERMERE DIARY

Seeing as how everyone talks about the weather, we might as well, too. This was a swell winter, all told. There was only one week of 28 below zero. That was just before Christmas. January, February, and March gave us a majority of clear and sunny days, and not too much snow. Certainly nothing like last winter, with three or four feet of snow all over the place.

Our Training Course, which finished on Palm Sunday, was helped this year by a number of movies that we obtained from the Canadian Film Institute and the National Film Board on many subjects, including Mental Health.

During the course we enjoyed an interesting Crafts Demonstration provided by the Community Services branch of the Ontario Department of Education, given by Mr. Miller and Mr. Longstaff.

And in March, we received some excellent lectures on Communism from Father Ledit, a Jesuit who is working with Russian Catholics in the Oriental Rite.

I don't know what we can rightly call this part of our course, but we did have one evening meeting of the Royal Canadian Air Force Ground Observer Corps, with instructions and movies; and we are now busily scanning the skies and reporting required aircraft.

I think that for most of us one of the high points of our calendar was Dorothy Phillips' visit, and her talks on the work in Edmonton, at the Marian Centre, and her varied experiences there. It certainly whetted our interest. Now we are hoping that one of these days Mamie Legris may be coming East, and telling us about the work in the Yukon.

And then, of course, there are our Days of Recollection, each month, which help to keep us on the beam spiritually.

Our Annual Retreat was held during Holy Week, and on Holy Thursday a good number of us made our promises of stability — including poverty, chastity and obedience — and received our Staff Worker Crosses.

And as we go to press, a big Alleluia to all of you.

Plan a Co-op House Don't Plan Family

By
Rev. J. E. Lawlor

Broken homes, ruined marriages, delinquent youth, alcoholism, quarrelling, nervous frustration and financial distress are often to-day the direct results of shelter that is too crowded, lacks privacy, is too expensive, or is in any way inadequate for Christian family living. Even in cases of new construction, the family "has to be planned" to fit the house — inverting the order of the Creator Who most surely intends that the house should be built to accommodate the family.

The New 400

Co-operative housing has been organized in Canada with a view to finding a solution for this unhealthy state of affairs. Nearly 400 Ontario families have recently built, or are now building adequate, economical homes through United action in 17 Co-operative Housing groups. Several other groups are organizing with the intention of building in 1956. One of these is Sherwood Park Co-operative Limited in Oshawa, with 24 member families.

None of these families, "on their own," could have built the kind of house they are getting for the price they will pay for it. They, and millions of others, never get far enough ahead to be able to put fifteen hundred or more dollars into the hands of a building contractor. The tragedy is that if they could beat the impossible down-payment problem, their present high rents would more than carry the interest and principal charges on a decent, family-sized house!

A group of families, preferably 35 or more at the start, study a guide to Co-operative Housing, become incorporated as a limited company, find land, and choose their own plans. Then mortgage money, starter funds, or interim financing must be obtained.

Co-operative housing in Ontario has already paid dividends, not only in a financial way, by effecting savings through group labor and bulk purchasing, but also in human resourcefulness, mutual respect, and fellowship. Young couples, in their early twenties, whose parents worked for a lifetime without being able to buy their own homes, are now comfortably settled in homes built co-operatively.

Hard But Good

Co-op housing has many rewards, but it is the hardest way to get a house yet devised! There are many problems connected with the program. Let no group of young families, who organize for study purposes imagine they are off on a Sunday school picnic.

Yet people ARE solving their housing difficulties this way. Budgeting, costing, financing, and scheduling the productivity of Co-op labor are the targets on which the recently chartered Co-operative Building Society is fixing its guns. The Society will co-ordinate and pool information from groups that have built, and funnel it back to new groups affiliated with the Building Society and the Homebuilders' Federation. Already the first Co-operative apartment groups have been formed. There is a vast field for this activity, and a crying need. The Federation and Building Society can be, please God will be, a tremendous force for good.

A KISS

By
Diane Zdunich

Francis met a man whose wounds oozed pus, whose fingers wore away, rotted, whose nose was eaten off, whose lips were yellow, deep-cracked, bloody, who rang a bell of greeting. A leper!

Francis saw the sorrow of the Man of Sorrows, the wounds of the Wounded One, the blood of Life which ever bleeds. His arms, his heart, encircled this human lost in stench and pain. Christ leapt forth to Francis from the leper. The kiss upon the leper's torn lips came from the heart of God.

The Outer Circle Letter Number 131

By Catherine Doherty

DEAR FRIENDS IN CHRIST,
MAY HIS PEACE BE ALWAYS
WITH YOU.

Is there a Catholic today whose heart is not singing an Alleluia of gratitude to our Holy Father? Now most of us realize how much we had missed! The new Easter Liturgy must have brought even the most aloof and ignorant of us closer to the source of our Holy Religion. We truly entered into the mysteries of Christ, truly participated in the feast of His Love.

Now other mysteries become clearer to us. Especially the mysteries of God's plan for us, the Incarnation, the Redemption. Yet there is so much to learn, now that we have seen and touched the essence of Christ's loving.

Got A Minute?

It seems to me that all of us who have a minute to spare (we waste so many) in these days of shorter hours and more leisure, should start in earnest to read books that would bring us closer to the Sacred Liturgy. The Bible should stand first on the list. For the vision of the whole plan of God will never be grasped unless we begin at the beginning — with the Old Testament. That will lead us, slowly, reverently, and clearly, to the New.

With the Bible we should read the History of the Church. And we should study the Mass. Few suspect what wonders of Revelation, what joy, what beauty, awaits them if they follow this course. Few suspect too that in this reading and in participating daily, or as often as possible, in the Mass at their parish church, they will find the answers their hearts are now so vainly seeking.

Here is a list of books not too expensive, (or maybe you can borrow them from various libraries) to steer anyone startled by the new Easter Services, into the road to God and happiness.

Got A Lift

Personally, I walked on air during Holy Week. I wrote, in a previous issue, how familiar this "new" Easter Service was to me from the Eastern Liturgy of my country. Joy infinite, and gratitude inexpressible, possessed me when I once again after years, in a "desert land" participated in it. I renewed my courage at the fountain of God's love and mercy, and my heart burned anew with the passionate desire to make Him loved and known in His sacred liturgy and in all His glorious mysteries of love.

I thought of our apostolate, humble and small, yet over 25 years old. And I knew once again that only the Mass, daily Mass participated in, had kept it and us together. For how can one participate in God's love feast and refuse to love unto death?

Once again I knew with certainty unmistakable, clarity undimmed, and faith unshakable, that our vocation is THE VOCATION TO LOVE, and that its source is the Mass, understood and participated in daily. Thus the burden of our busy days is easily borne between two Masses.

Got Needs

This issue of Restoration is, in a manner of speaking, a begging issue. Because we are so broke, overdrawn at the bank some, and the needs of Christ in His poor and in the Apostolate truly press on us like an ever-mounting high sea. Should I evade the fact that at times I am weary beyond all weariness because of the needs of the Mystical Body of Christ? Should I lie by not saying that the sight of the gaping sores and wounds of that Body shake me to the very marrow of my being? No, I could not do that. Nor could I deny that, humanly, naturally speaking, I would be utterly fed-up with begging.

But one Mass sets all this aright. Strength comes from it. From the knowledge of it, from the grace of it, from the Source of it. Strength to examine the wounds and go on nursing them . . . to look the needs straight in the face and try to fill them . . . to overcome weariness, shaking, tiredness, the desire for silence and solitude . . . and to go on raising my voice, if need be, in season and out, for Christ the Lord, our Head, and for His Mystical Body, ourselves.

Got Love

Our Apostolate, and those we serve in our glorious vocation to love, need — above all — CASH. MONEY. PENNIES. DOLLARS . . . FEW, MANY, ALL ARE SO TERRIBLY URGENTLY VITALLY NEEDED!

And so FOR CHRIST, IN CHRIST, THROUGH CHRIST, and in utter simplicity, I beg you, His friends and ours . . . first and foremost for CASH, FOR MONEY. Next, for second-hand clothing, kitchen utensils, typewriters, any and all kinds of garden, carpentry,

and mechanics tools, for books, magazines, and religious articles, for thread, needles, mending wool, knitting wool, embroidery floss (left overs of your work will do so nicely) old nylon stockings, soap, toothpaste, and any ends and odds that you can spare. All is needed for those who do not even have necessities.

Please make all cheques payable to Madonna House and please mail all goods to MADONNA HOUSE, COMBERMERE, ONT., CANADA, or express them VIA BARRY'S BAY, ONT., CANADA, AND THE CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS. SINCERELY AND GRATEFULLY IN HIS INFINITE CHARITY, CATHERINE DOHERTY.

To Retreat Is To Advance

By
Rev. Peter A. Nearing

When the Most Reverend John R. MacDonald, energetic Bishop of Antigonish, was opening one of his four retreat houses, he stated, "It is our firm conviction that only through the lay retreat movement can we keep our Christian spirit vigorous and promote apostolic work."

A vigorous spirit is a delightful spirit, delightful to its possessor, to its beneficiaries, and to its Divine Source. The Christian possessed of a vigorous spirit is in a position to do always the things that are pleasing to the Father, after the manner of Him whose life he lives. With Christ He is prepared for the apostolate, ready to restore all things.

Eternity And Time

The lay retreat movement undoubtedly helps to develop that spirit. Who can stand in silence on the edge of eternity for forty-five hours and not learn something significant about the importance of time; or glimpse God on His judgment seat and not take a more penetrating look into his own standard of values, or hear the Mother of God say, "Many souls are going to hell because no one is praying for them," and not see a new possibility in prayer?

Why do people go home from retreats, happy and delighted with themselves? Is it just the restful week-end, the change of diet, the association with new people? No. The restfulness includes refreshment of spirit, especially for those who have been laboring under the heavy burden of personal and family problems. Their number is not small.

The change of diet includes a change of mental food, more wholesome than that cooked up daily by men with wares for the unwary, food compounded of eternal truth and the goodness of Him who suggested, "Taste and see that the Lord is sweet."

New And Renewed

And the new people are not new so much as renewed. They are the same people who yesterday were taking God's name in vain but today are realizing anew that giving glory to God is the only thing man doesn't do in vain. Watching them, listening to them, praying to God with them brings a new conviction, a new vigor, a new determination to start again, and this time not to stop with self.

Because Saint Pius X said that the primary and indispensable source of a vigorous Christian spirit lay in the laity's taking an active part in the Mass, retreat masters are laying more stress on the Mass.

"I will go unto the altar of God, to God who gives joy to my youth," becomes more than a prayer in the missal to the man or woman who has at last caught on to the idea that to sacrifice means to make things sacred, and that to restore all things in Christ means a daily search for new lands where the cross of Christ may be planted.

Bread And Earth

That round wafer of bread resembles the world in more than its roundness. There is a resemblance too in its wholeness and in the wholeness it is about to

receive. The cup of wine is more than crushed grapes. It is crushed humanity waiting to be invigorated with the spirit of the Crucified Who is also the Vivified.

Perhaps this sounds like poetry. But when retreatants tell you, "I'm ready to go back and dig in again," you know that they know the meaning of the Mass, the purpose for living. For them, to worship is to seek only the Worth-while and His will. To adore is not only to pray to God but to make Him number one in life.

To petition is to ask with Christ; and that relieves the Holy Spirit of a lot of groaning because of silly requests; but more than that, it means a lot of asking — for light to see, strength to do, love to be, help to give, power to save, wisdom to understand, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done by us even as the loyal angels do it in heaven."

The First Retreat

To make reparation is not only to make an act of contrition but to make new Pauls out of old Sauls. To thank with Christ is above all to thank for the privilege of sharing His mission, our apostolate.

The Holy Father was merely relaying the mind of the Master who gave the first retreat to the first apostles. It is our firm conviction, too, that the lay retreat movement does keep our Christian spirit vigorous and does promote apostolic work.

MISSION IN JAPAN

By
Rev. Victor Margot

Osaka, Japan — The first thought that entered my head, when I entered the Junior Seminary of Osaka, where I had been appointed director, was: "I'm going to like it."

Imagine a small building, one of those wooden Japanese houses that look like concrete because the wood is hidden under a thin layer of cement, cracked by earthquakes and typhoons. Two floors. White-washed walls where the many marks of mud-stained foot-balls tell you what kind of inhabitants they shelter. One small reception room that serves at the same time as classroom, library and recreation room. A small chapel without a single statue, a few very ordinary pictures on the walls.

Really Only One

An equally small refectory where nothing at all breaks the white-washed monotony (we don't even possess a single crucifix except that of the altar and of the sacristy and one in my room, no sanctuary lamp, never more than two candles, one set of very poor-looking vestments). Then there is the indispensable Japanese hot-bath installation.

That's all there is to the first floor. The rest is taken by the three Japanese Sisters (there is really only one, since one is Mother Superior and one is still a novice).

On the second floor are the living quarters of the boys. The oldest ones have their own rooms, furnished with a very small desk, one chair, a very small library and a "bed."

My own room is a little larger and contains a big library, two desks and two chairs. My trunks are piled up in the corner. So are the medicines. There's no other place to put them. But I have a luxury of a separate bedroom with a real bed and a real mattress. What the boys call their "bed" is a wooden box containing their poor belongings and covered with a thick straw mat.

To go to my bedroom I have to pass through the dormitory, if you may give it that solemn name. It's the large room above the chapel, where the little ones sleep, who have no rooms of their own but study with three in one room and sleep all together in that dormitory. It contains 12 beds and nothing else and it is impossible to put one more bed in. Even now it's almost impossible to move around, and the boys have to say their prayers on top of their beds because there's no

(Continued on Page Four)

TENDERNESS

By C. K. D.

Much is being written today about Justice, the footstool of Charity. Much is being said about the Social implications of the Gospels. Book upon book in terse modern language speaks of the flaming virtues of Zeal and Courage. Yet in all this mighty sea of beautiful words, the virtue of TENDERNESS, that tempers justice, clothes charity in shimmering garments of surpassing beauty, makes acceptable sacrifices demanded by zeal and courage and hastens the social restoration of the world in Christ, is being lost sight of.

Yet TENDERNESS and its companion Gentleness, that walk hand in hand with Patience, are of the essence, IF all these other virtues are to achieve their immense goals.

For He from Whom all virtues stem was the TENDEREST of men. Courtesy, politeness, gentleness and patience flowered in Him like lilies in a garden. True there was sternness and severity in Him too, but He made use of them so rarely that it seems to us that we, who are all sinners, can dare imitate these two only in fear and trembling and with the greatest restraint . . . whereas who can overdo TENDERNESS?

Consider the Social Apostolate, so vital in our days, which aims to RESTORE ALL THINGS IN HIM AND FOR HIM. It demands from its apostles . . . knowledge . . . charity . . . justice . . . zeal . . . courage . . . dying-to-self . . . abandonment. Who will not accept knowledge from our hands if it be presented TENDERLY? Who will not be warmed and softened by charity given TENDERLY? Who will refuse to listen to the dictates of justice that speaks in accents TENDER and gentle and patient? Is there anyone amongst us who will really refuse to start on the painful journey of death-to-self when its lessons are imparted TENDERLY? Or begin to learn utter abandonment to Divine Providence when that understanding is wrapped in TENDERNESS?

And the bringing home of the lost sheep? What virtue will speak to them in accent unmistakable . . . beguiling . . . convincing? TENDERNESS . . . of course. If ours is the painful and heavy duty of correcting anyone, TENDERNESS will make our correction sweet and acceptable. It will bear much fruit.

Thanks for Thorns

By
Shirley De Witt

So often we hear at Madonna House that we must be "fools for Christ's sake." Looking at our Lord crowned with thorns, these words came alive to me. The Crown of Thorns symbolizes what a fool He became for us! A fool for Pain's sake? No! A Fool for Love's sake!

He bore the humiliation of being laughed at while the crowd crowned Him with thick, heavy sharp thorns—mocking Him with the words, "Hail, King of the Jews!" He bore all patiently, silently, lovingly.

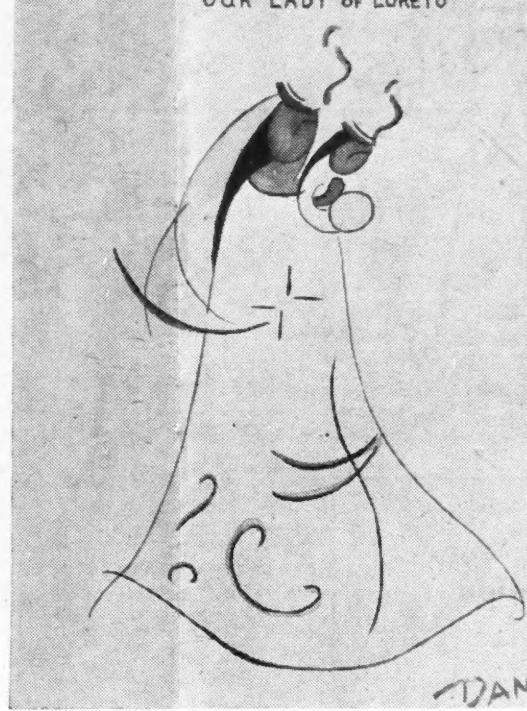
Why? To teach us not only to become a FOOL, but a THOUGHTFUL FOOL. Surely there are enough fools. He wanted Christians to be THINKING FOOLS! He was crowned by unthinking men. There was undoubtedly malice, hate, and scorn involved. But, somehow, the INDIFFERENT, UNNOTICING bystander presses the thorns deeper in His forehead than did the Soldiers who pounded them deep into His flesh with their fists.

Let us atone by THINKING. We can deliberately share His crown of thorns through little things — the daily painful minute-by-minute THOUGHTFULNESS. By not forgetting that cake in the oven, that light switch, that favor requested. By beginning to listen to others CAREFULLY. By becoming absorbed in our duty of the moment. By using our power of CONCENTRATION to the UTMOST!

The Crown of Thorns is deeply embedded in Christ's head, but it is still within our power to remove it — and to Crown our King with LOVING THOUGHTFULNESS!

We will become "fools for Christ's sake" by wearing His crown of thorns — and by accepting, thorn by thorn, the pain of constant THOUGHTFULNESS in our daily duty. And though the angry or indifferent crowd may never see our heads crowned for His sake, He will smile down and say, "Thank you, My thoughtful fools, and My beloved children, for sharing My thorns with Me!"

OUR LADY OF LORETO



HOLY SLAVERY ON TELEVISION

By
Rev. Patrick Tomal, S.M.M.

"When will that happy time come when Mary will be established mistress and queen of hearts, in order that she may subject them fully to the empire of her great and holy Jesus? When will souls breathe Mary as the body breathes air," St. Louis Mary De Montfort asked these questions some 250 years ago. Perhaps that day is not too far off, especially if Father James Keane, O.S.M., continues his innumerable activities for Our Lady.

A member of the Servites, an order known throughout the centuries for its special Marian character, Father Keane founded the world-famous Perpetual Novena in honor of our Sorrowful Mother in Chicago, 1937. The following year he began the publication of "Novena Notes," a small weekly magazine that carried news and events concerning the Sorrowful Mother novena. That same year he organized the weekly radio broadcast "An Hour with the Queen of Heaven," a program which is still on the air over Chicago's radio station, WCFL.

In Australia

In 1946, Father Keane was sent to Rome as a member of the International Marian Commission. Toward the end of 1951 he left for Perth, Australia, where he founded the first Servite monastery on that continent, and inaugurated the Perpetual Novena in many churches.

To open the Marian Year (1954) Father Keane began publication of a new Marian monthly, "Queen of the Missions," the title of which was recently changed to "The Age of Mary." He is still the Editor.

Seeking to find Mary everywhere, he visited many shrines to learn all he could about Our Lady in those places where she had appeared throughout Europe. His collection of Marian documents is one of the best in the United States.

A New St. Louis

Indefatigable in the cause of winning souls for Jesus through Mary, this twentieth century De Montfort still found time to organize the Ambassadors of Mary, a lay organization for the promotion of knowledge, love, and imitation of Mary among friends and acquaintances.

Another feature of this Marian Year project has been the preaching of a monthly First Saturday of Recollection, or First Saturday Retreat, in reparation to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

For Father Keane the Marian Year was the beginning of an era, and so he has continued with most of his endeavors. He still preaches these monthly retreats at the Shrine of Our Lady of Sorrows in Chicago and averages 700 to 1000 participants.

St. Louis De Montfort knew that Mary would take her rightful place in due time. Right now, through Father Keane, millions are getting to know her, to love her and to consecrate themselves as her slaves of love. For since May 3, 1954, he has conducted a weekly television program entitled "Behold Thy Mother."

Flood of Letters

WGN-TV, Channel 9, Chicago, gave Father Keane a half-hour program for the five Mondays of May, 1954, as a Marian Year feature. So popular was the program that the authorities continued it for a thirteen week period, at the end of which time they agreed to continue it until the end of the Marian Year.

Letters poured in unendingly. People wanted more of Father Keane and Our Lady. So WBKB-Channel 7, offered Father Keane time on an indefinite basis. This series was started on March 7, 1955, and continued every Monday night at 8 p.m. until the end of December, 1955. The time was changed to Tuesday nights beginning January 3, 1956, but the series was continued unbroken. The telecast of Tuesday, February 14, 1956, was the 50th in the series at WBKB-TV.

So convinced is Father Keane of the vital importance of holy slavery that he gave two series of talks on the De Montfort consecration, and even prepared two mass consecrations in which thousands gave themselves.

To Get Them All

The sublime object of his TV program, Father Keane says, is "to convince, or persuade, or entice, everyone who watches these telecasts to consecrate himself in total slavery to the Blessed Virgin Mary according to the plan made famous by De Montfort."

"The entire purpose of the spiritual devotion and consecration of St. Louis De Montfort to Our Lady is to unite the soul interiorly to the Spirit of Mary so that Mary can live in the soul and mold Jesus and the Blessed Trinity within the soul to that degree of divine union and sanctity that pleases her and pleases the Trinity."

Cooking with Mary

By
Catherine Doherty

For over twenty-five years, spent in the apostolate, I have been cooking in its various kitchens. Starting with the foundation house on Portland street, Toronto, on to the one in Ottawa, then to the Harlems of America, and back again to Combermere, the kitchen and I knew all about each other, for we spent many hours of each day together.

However this is not the only reason why this column is born. The real reason is our "budget." Our rules provide that all members of the apostolate must use as a yard-stick for their day-by-day life of poverty (which we embrace under promises) the same sum of money for food, fuel, etc., as that given by official relief agencies.

Meals — 20c A Day

But often the money in our "kitty" was nowhere near that standard. Therefore a special ingenuity of love was needed to stretch food and dollars to their ultimate limits — and a little beyond. For this reason, slowly, over a period of many years, with constant prayers to Our Lady of the kitchen, the patroness of all housewives and lay apostles — for wasn't she a Lay Woman — I and those whom I trained in the art of cooking, have devised recipes that really fill young hungry stomachs at the least possible cost.

Many of our visitors have asked about these recipes. Gladly we share them.

In the year of grace 1955 we fed, all year round, some forty-odd people on less than ten cents per meal, per person and sometimes for twenty cents a day — a day of three regular meals — per person. All were pleased with the food and are still healthy and happy and working hard for the glory of God. Thus, it is evident that the budgets can be kept low if one has a fundamental knowledge of cooking, plus love and ingenuity.

Lately many friends have entreated us to write a cook book. I have been praying about that. Since I have so little time to sit down and write a book, or books, (Continued on Page Four)



Staff Worker Cathy Meynard and J. McGill and J. Hogan unload your gifts of used clothing for the Clothing Room. (No! It's not TV!)



Thanksgiving For the Wonders Of Creation

By
B. C. Widdowson

O our Lord Christ, as through Thee the worlds were made, we give Thee thanks for all the beauties and the wonders of the created universe: for the sun which rules over the day, for the silver moon, and for the stars—for land and sea, for rocks and mountains, for lakes and rivers, for sky and clouds, for wind and rain and dew, for snow and frost—for sunrise, noon and nightfall, for the procession of the seasons—for these and for all other ways in which the face of nature is made so changeable in her glory, and the earth is made to yield her fruits for the service of man.

Not less do we thank Thee for the beauty of living things: for the green stateliness of mighty trees and the rainbow of colors of delicate flowers: for the grace and movement of animal forms: for the adaptation of even the most infinitesimal organisms and parts to their proper uses: and for the wondrous working of our own bodies—for the charm of childhood, the strength of maturity, the dignity of old age: and for the marvellous condescension by which the members of mankind may at all ages become the Temples of Thy Spirit.

Likewise we thank Thee for all who by Thy Grace have been our benefactors, either known to us or unknown—alike those who have specially benefitted us and those who have benefitted a wider circle: for the lives of good example and the teachers of truth: for the human means by which are conveyed to us the divine gifts: for the writers of good books, the painters of beautiful pictures, the shapers of graceful images: for the designers and builders of fine buildings, especially those dedicated to the true service of God and man—for all who have striven to make the human race happier and healthier, wiser and more virtuous: for all who have discovered the laws of Thy operations in nature: and the makers of inventions of true usefulness.

Above all we thank Thee for those who have given faithful teaching in Thy Church: for martyrs and confessors: for all who have led that Church in the One Faith: and for all who, along difficult and undistinguished paths, have walked the Narrow Way.

Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord: and let light perpetual shine upon them!

ADDRESSES

of our
Canadian branches:

MADONNA HOUSE,
COMBERMERE,
ONTARIO, CANADA.

MARIAN CENTRE,
10528 - 98th STREET,
EDMONTON, ALTA.,
CANADA.

MARY HOUSE,
WHITEHORSE,
YUKON TERRITORY,
CANADA.

YUKON DAY

(Continued from Page One)

4:00 p.m.—Tea is served. There is a fifteen minute period of relaxation. Louie and Mamie have returned with the mail. Ah! A Staff letter from Madonna House! It is read aloud. The talk drifts to—"Remember When—?"

A knock. The Indian nurse enters with the three children, medicine for the 4 year old, a bottle for the baby, and ear drops for the 2 year old. She leaves amid howls. The children are quieted with a few toys. Peace reigns once more.

Soup There Too

4:15 p.m.—The children keep us all occupied until supper.

6:00 p.m.—Supper consists of soup, cheese, crackers, bread, apple sauce, and tea. Baby Joe won't eat. We put his grub on a paper on the floor. He eats with relish. We apologize. Doesn't Baby Joe live in a tent? And of what use is a table in a tent?

6:40 p.m.—Compline and Rosary in the chapel. Our guests join with us in the recitation of the Rosary. Sambo (the two year old) is lying on his stomach on the chapel floor, gazing at the sanctuary lamp. His thoughts are his own but there is a look of quiet satisfaction on his face as he listens to our chant of praise to God through Our Lady (little knowing what it means).



Kay and Sambo

7:05 p.m.—Dishes are washed. The kitchen and dining room are tidied. The babies are washed, changed, and put to bed. Guests play the radio. Some read. Some "just sit."

Another knock at the door. Johnny and Doug, arms filled with four cartons of fresh milk. Doug says, "We just had to get milk for you when we got our own. You have babies too. And here is some stuff we bought for your craft's class. Louie, we can get the toboggans for your CYO party. Sunday, and we'll tag along with our wives. O.K.?"

What, Still Busy?

8:15 p.m.—Mamie is on duty tonight. She's busy in her office. Knock on door. "Sorry, this book is overdue but can I get another? That story about Don Bosco was swell. Is Tumbleweed in?"

Louie is at the Projection Workshop at the High School. Kay is reading "God's Engineer." (The story of an ordinary man who became a saint in an ordinary way.) Baby Joe cries. His bottle is filled, and his diaper changed.

10:15 p.m.—Lights out. Peace descends. The vigil light glows brightly, then dies. The sanctuary door has been closed for the night. The last prayers are said, by each in private.

Another day, another rose, has been laid at the feet of Our Lady of the Yukon, to be presented to her Son.

JOY

By
Marilyn Williamson

From an eternity of Love
Joy bursts
Burning—
Consuming—
Melting
like Spring snow
Into the rough
Unplanned wood
Of a cross

WHERE TO BEGIN

By
D. R. Thomas

Where shall I begin?
What can I do?

How to shed this shell of mine,
Which slaves the soul within me?

How to fend off the indifference,
That creeps and seeps, to stain the brain?

How to slough off the selfish self,
Which narrows and shuts out the better being?

How to begin to live and give,
Not, in my pride, a little,
But, in humility, my all?

What to do, where to start?
I loudly cry,
Waiting for help to come.

Won't some one hear?
Is no one near?

And THEN the whisper comes,
Louder in its quietness,
Than all my loud laments,
I AM here.

Begin, my child, with Me.

MISSION IN JAPAN

(Continued from Page Three)

room elsewhere.

Meant For Nuns

The building is meant to be a convent for the Sisters who will be in charge of the Catholic hospital across the street as soon as it is completed, and that will be in one or two months I guess.

It is not built to be a home for 17 boys between 13 and 19 years old. There's no real recreation room. And around the house there's only a very small garden where piles of coal had to take the place of flowers because there is no other place where we could put it.

Our Seminary is not a school. Lessons are few. Just Latin, English and Gregorian Chant, and an occasional lesson on religion. It's rather a home. The boys go to the Catholic school downtown, half an hour by street car every morning. Whereas an American Junior Seminary gives a complete education, ours is a home for Catholic boys who want to go to the Major Seminary after graduating from high school.

Ours is indeed a big family, and the first thing that strikes you is the brotherly love that keeps those boys together. I share their daily life, eat the same rice at the same table, use chopsticks just like they do, speak their own difficult language all day long, and try to get in their terribly-hot Japanese bath twice a week.

My standard of living is the same as theirs. The daily rice bowl. Sometimes meat. More often fish. For breakfast two slices of bread with a cup of tea and a bowl of corn flakes cooked in a sugarless greyish liquid we call "the milk."

I got used to most of their delicacies: seaweeds, raw fish, etc. I must even say it cost me less time to get adapted than in Canada and the States, where I had to get used to turnips, beets, corn, and things like that, and where I never could get used to the Gargantuan affair you call "a simple meal."

He Can't Forget!

It's not so long ago, the day during the war, when all mother could give us for dinner was two onions each and some hot, colored water called "soup." At least I've never been hungry since I came to Japan.

Besides I feel more at ease the way it is. Still now, when sitting down at a full dish, I have before my eyes the faces of my poor European slum-boys, and it is almost with a feeling of guilt that I eat. I never could decide on taking eggs and bacon for breakfast and it took me a long time to accept orange juice.

You won't understand this. You never saw a boy of fourteen diving for a dirty piece of bread he found on the ground. That's what I saw

back in the old country on Christmas night some years ago. You are not haunted by the reminiscences of horror that makes it impossible for many a European to go back to prewar level without a feeling of guilt.

Did you ever have to fight with your fists against a gang of 300 hungry kids, the oldest of them not even 14, to keep them from plundering a small food depot, in order that the strongest should not get everything and the weakest go hungry? Fighting them, hitting where you could hit them, tears running down your cheeks? My God, I'll never, never forget. The tears in their hungry eyes!

Those shrieking voices: "I have four little brothers... Mother is sick... Father is in Germany." Those arms stretched all around me. Those poor little bodies trembling with excitement and with fear that they would not get their share.

Oh they weren't angry at us, you know. Their minds were with us all right, and so were their golden hearts, but it was their stomachs that cried and made them wild. How could I forget?

Nor will I ever forget my poor Japanese boys of the youth group I tried to keep together last year. Two of them, two little brothers had nothing but a piece of fish the size of my little finger and a box of rice the size of a 50-cigarettes box for dinner. It was their principal meal and they couldn't afford more than two meals a day. They were living on the second floor of a small stable, if you can call that a "floor." They're a little better off for the moment, thanks to the parish priest. But still, when I went to visit them in their new "house" last Summer, they had to go and ask the neighbors for a glass of water.

Happy And Poor

Do you understand why I'm happy here with my boys, and why I don't care a rusted nickel if I have to live on 29 cents a day?

Because I'll never forget the other side either. The indescribable happiness that was mine when I could sleep on the ground and give my place in the hay to a younger boy! The happiness you feel when breaking the last piece of bread to share with your friends!

How can I describe to you the joy of the long night in an air-shelter, keeping watch, standing all night after a long day of relief work, standing because there was not even enough room to squat down on my heels, keeping watch over the little boy in my arms and over all the other kids that were sleeping around me on the floor, some of them leaning against my legs?

The long silence of the night! The candle growing shorter and slowly dying down. The breaths of those 800 people in that damp cellar built for 200 persons. The rustling sound of the rosary-beads of some old grandmother who couldn't sleep either, and was keeping watch too in some dark corner. The almost tangible Presence of God, and the warm feeling that you did just the right thing in leaving the comparative safety of your home for that horrible cellar, and that you were where God liked you to be. It all came back here.

I know, it's much different from everything I dreamt when going to the missions, wanting to bring the "Tidings of Comfort and Joy" to the masses. And I can't help sometimes, feeling like an exile who is living in the heart of the Promised Land without being able to enter. I am living in one of the biggest pagan cities of the world, and still I have nothing to do but be an elder brother to 17 young boys. But I know I am where God wants me to be, and it is not WHAT we are doing that matters but with what degree of LOVE we do it. We don't have anything else to do in the world than to love.

"Corpus Domini—"

Reality is more beautiful than dreams, even if those dreams deal with millions of souls and the reality only with seventeen.

And I am completely happy in my little room when the boys come to me with their dreams and difficulties, their joys and sorrows. I'm happy in the refectory when I see them all happy together, like brothers of the same home. And joy sings in my heart every morning, when, with the Body of our Lord in my hands I look down upon their earnest little faces lifted toward the Host, and repeat for each of those faces the tremendous words expressing our hope to be united beyond the grave, as we are united now in the same Christ, our Brother and our God: "The Body of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve your soul for the eternal life."

And, at night, when going to my bedroom I pass between their beds, pulling back the covers they threw off, and having a chat with their Guardian Angels, I stop at my door for a last prayer, I feel as in a church with all the angels present. I ask them to watch over my boys since I have to stop it now 'til tomorrow. Sometimes I feel the almost tangible presence of Him who said, "Where two or more are together in My Name, I will be in their midst."

Then, I feel as I did in the shelter, during those long peaceful war nights, and I have to make an effort to leave, after blessing those sleeping boys with the sign of the cross, that God may help them carry the cross that weighs so heavily already upon their shoulders. My last feeling is a feeling of unworthiness for so much joy.



Alone With Love

No, there's nothing you can do for me but pray. I'm happy with a happiness I wouldn't exchange for all he eggs and bacon of the whole world. All I want is love. Love enough to set on fire for Christ every one of my boys.

There's lots you can do for them though, for some of them are too poor. There's the new building that has become an urgent necessity if we want to accept more boys. There's the ever returning medicine problem. There's the problem of the winter clothes (some of them still wear the old pieces of uniform their fathers or brothers wore at the front ten or twelve years ago). There's little Masao who has only one shirt. There's Minoru and Gyoza who need better food. There's little Akira who has only one cover on his bed. There's the excursion to the mountain they have every term, but nobody speaks about it, because they know we probably won't be able to do it this time.

But I'll tell you about them some other time, for it is night. Our little home lies like an island of quiet and peace in the never-ebbing noise waves of the city traffic. I can't keep my eyes open any more.

Good night. God bless you.

Fr. Margot's full address is Katorikku Shingakko, Nishi-ku, Awabori dori, 4 chome, 2 banchi, Osaka-shi, Japan.

GOOD WILL

"A good will numbers God among the heirs," says Cardinal Manning. If you wish to include Madonna House among your benefactors, you may use the following form in your will.

"To the Lay Apostolate of Madonna House, Combermere, Ontario, Canada, I give, devise, and bequeath the sum of \$....."

Or it might be something other than money you might wish to leave—clothing, tools, kitchen utensils, a house, a vacant lot—or even your eternal prayers for our welfare.

A MONTHLY MASS
IS OFFERED
FOR ALL BENEFACTORS
IN
MADONNA HOUSE
CHAPEL

COOKING WITH MARY

(Continued from Page Three)

I cannot oblige at once. But what prevents my writing one or more recipes a month in Restoration? Nothing that I can see. Eventually maybe, by gathering them up, a book may be "amassed."

Since the real inspiration behind the cooking, the loving, and the stretching is Mary, the gracious Mother of God, I want to dedicate this humble column to her. Hence the title. Well—here's the first "Cooking with Mary" recipe.

Recipe Number One

CARROT LOAF

BOIL ENOUGH CARROTS TO FIGURE ON HALF A CUP (when mashed) PER ADULT IN YOUR FAMILY, AND THE SAME AMOUNT OF FINELY-CUT ONIONS. MASH CARROTS WELL. ADD SHREDDED ONIONS. ADD TO EACH HALF CUP OF MASHED CARROTS HALF A CUP OF MASHED POTATOES. ADD GRATED AMERICAN CHEESE, THE CHEAPEST VARIETY, TO TASTE. IF EGGS ARE IN SEASON, AND CHEAP, ADD WELL-BEATEN EGGS TO THE MIXTURE; FIGURING ON ONE EGG PER FOUR CUPS OF MASHED VEGETABLES. IF EGGS ARE EXPENSIVE, FORGET THEM.

ADD ENOUGH MILK (powdered) TO MOISTEN WELL THE WHOLE MIXTURE. ADD PEPPER, SALT, AND FAVORITE SPICES TO TASTE. SHAPE INTO A LOAF. SPRINKLE WITH A WEE BIT OF GRATED CHEESE. BAKE UNTIL FIRM AT 350°. SERVE WITH WHITE SAUCE OR GRAVY.

SAUCE OR GRAVY SOUR WHITE (For a Family of Four)

ONE TABLESPOON OF LARD, OR/AND OTHER FAT YOU USE IN YOUR COOKING. HALF A CUP OF WHITE FLOUR. HALF A CUP OF SHREDDED ONIONS. SALT, PEPPER, ETC., TO TASTE. USE ENOUGH PICKLING JUICE FROM ANY OF YOUR PICKLES TO MAKE A SMOOTH GRAVY. IF NEED BE IT CAN BE DILUTED WITH WATER. WE SAVE ALL OUR "PICKLING JUICES" IN A SPECIALLY-LABELLED JAR, AND KEEP IN FRIGIDAIRE UNTIL NEEDED, USING THEM FOR ALL SOUR SAUCES AND GRAVIES, ALSO USING THEM INSTEAD OF VINEGAR FOR SALADS. NICE? M-m-m-m-m!



Twenty-five cords of stove wood stacked at St. Ann's Farm will help "Cooking with Mary" next summer.

RESTORATION, COMBERMERE, ONTARIO, CANADA

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